

DREAD CHOLERA INFANTUM IS EASILY PREVENTED.

Lactated Food the Best Bill of Fare for Babies in July.

Experience of Mothers and Physicians --- Diet All Important.

"An infant crying in the night; An infant crying for the light; And with no language but a cry.

Now is the time when mothers are filled with apprehension, and start with dread when haby cries. It is July, the month when bables suffer from cholera infantum and inflammation of the bowels.

The greatest care is none to much for baby during June, July and August. The greatest question is that of food,

and the safest and the one bill of fare for babies and children that is always reliable is a very simple



and short one, easily obtainable, nourishing, strengthening, palatable, always pure -Lectated Food

Children fed on lactated food grow hordy and strong. The efficacy of the nutritive quality of this perfect substitute for pure human milk has long been acknowledged

by the medical profession.

Pure mother's milk is the ideal food for infants, but when this is out of the question, lactated food, which more closely than anything else resembles healthy human mifk, should be used.

man milk, should be used.

The majority of deaths of children under five years is directly traceable to the ignorance and mismanagement of mothers. But it is being better and better known that the dreadful scorge, choicea infantum, and similar summer troubles may be prevented by the use of lactated food. In many commuties it has reduced the ratio of mortality of infants under five years. It has entered the practical working plantmacoporia of thousands of physicians. macoporia of thousands of physicians. It cannot be too often said that it has saved

cannot be too orden said that it has sayed thousands of infants lives and caused as many more to grow plump and active. The careful mother should not give her child anything the composition of which is not known to her. Lactated food is not a sorte preparation L is made in the most careful manner from the nourishing recombined with the pure sugar of milk. The buildlogs where it is prepared and put up are famous for their absolute clearliness. It

hever spoils.

Mothers the country over have for years been writing grateful betters telling how their children when let upon inclated food have grown from weak and puny babes to healthy, happy, hearry, young sters, and this experience of other moth-ers together with the best medical skill is the service of every mother in the land. Mr. A. D. Wentworth. Ningara Falls, a

Mr. A. D. Wentworth, Ningara Falls, a picture of whose baby is given atove, writes: "Our boy was born in March and his mother died one week after his birth. He was so feeble that we did not think we could raise him, but a friend recommended factated food to us, after we had tried almost everything else, and since then he has thrived like a young rabbit and has never had a sick.

reasure ber more than we can express. People that call on me say, 'What a nice, tat baby! How I wish mine was as fat and healthy.' I tell them to feed their baby lactated food and it will be just as int. I will recommend the lactated food to every mother I meet. We have used it year says. ever since you sent us the sample list spring, and think there is no other like it. No words of mine can fully describe the merits of lactated food."

FINEST TUGS IN THE WORLD.

Liverpool Craft Which Tow Sailing Ves-

sels Across the Atlantic Ocean. An American skipper recently expressed the opinion that he could always find at Liverpool a tug that could owhim home in less time than he could bail there. This is a high compliment, and one which, according to the Leis- ter." ure Hour, is well deserved, for the When a steamer breaks down a tug has ling day to give my to imony. to be sent to tow her into port, and the gale. Among recent tows may be men-England in the depth of winter, her zona is to hit something. best day's run being 155 miles. The Sindia, of 3,000 tons, from London to Liverpool in seventy-one hours. Some Mr. Attorney." little while back three turs left Duna smaller vessel, the Brablock, was in charge of the Columbia, of London as Pecos Bill, conducted his own deround through the stormy Pentland rived. All wore one or more six-shoot-Firth. The first vessel to arrive at ers. Cardiff was the Scotch tug, followed

THE LOST PINE MINE.

Memories That Caused an Army Officer to Invest in It.

I have just received a letter from my agent offering me a safe investment-a cool thousand if I buy and sell within a month-twenty shares of the "Lone Pine Mining Company-Limited."

Mines are risky investments at best. Millions are made in them every year, but more lost. I have never yet been on the winning side. Before writing "Buy" I shall reflect.

What says the prospectus? "Heavy silver bearing lode-surface exposure, one hundred feet by twelvevertical, developing side pockets— numerous branches—"

Where is the phenomenon? "Santa Catalina mountains, Pima county, Arizona. Agent, B. N. Tuc-

A familiar locality! I'll bet that agent a bat I can give him points on "Lost Pine mine." Haven't I trailed that country from Dan to Beer-

sheba in the days gone by? How? Where? When?

In the days of my first service-four rears between the Gila and the northern Mexican border-I knew every water hole and every patch of bunch grass between Nogales and the Gila range. It was in the beginning—in the days of fresh commencements—that I made the nequaintance of that mine. It is the same—the "Lost Pine mine." It never had a name until the day we met. By me it began to wear the dignity of a name. By it I began to get knowledge and understanding of mines. We are old friends. To-day it is a certainty of the business world. Surely out of the beginning groweth the end. That mine has prospered from the start. And this is the history of the begin-

Less than a year previously I had run the gauntlet of the terribly learned medical examining board of the army and had been admitted to the rank and dignity of first lieutenant and assistant surgeon. When I placed my first order for uniforms with Hatfield, and ran up a bill for trimmings with Ridabock, I felt more valuable than a ton of twentyfour-carat gold and more dignified than

a Hindoo god with a diamond eye. My first orders lifted me away from scenes of intellectual triumphs and dropped me into those of physical failures-with a cavalry battalion in the cactus beds near the Mexican line, somewhere south of Tombstone. The drop was flattening. From Central park, a silk hat, tan kids and white gaiters, to the heart of an alkali desert, the back of a quartermaster's mule and the nightly shelter of a saddle blanket. A month before I would have fainted at the sight of myself. "Trousers, mounted, made heavy,-boots heavy, band-sewed-hat, campaign, drab," was the description the salient points of my field uniform bore on the quartermaster's returns. The ensuing grief shook

out poverty and carnest purpose, two things I knew not of. Urged by the sustaining spur of good resolutions I rose betimes, and einching my mule by the light of the morning sun, rode forth into the chapmaral to slav bush rabbits with my six shooter and flatter the vanity of the ranchmen by asking questions. They taught me to follow a moscasin trail, throw a lasso, and make the diamond hitch over the back of a fractious mule. There was little I could teach them, for the sturdy fellows rarely fell ill with a more serious ailment than delirium tremens.

The novelty of their habits and manyoung rabbit and has never had a sick ners and a desire to acquire the mys-He weighs twenty pounds and is in teries of plainscraft were the attrac-Mrs. J. F. Whitson, from away out in Michigan, writes: "We owe the life of pur baby girl to lactated food and we me rendered them more approachable I discovered a rugged honesty and sincere hospitality, which, added to their reckless bravado, gave their ways an irresistible charm. I sought their friendship, and went among them whenever it was possible to leave camp. It happened that during the annual

beef "round-up" I rode over and passed the night with my acquaintances. The following morning there occurred in camp what the New York Herald would readline as "Murder-Deliberate Assassination-The Shooting of a Mexican by Cowboys." The Tombstone Blade referred incidentally to the affair as a "heated altereation between pull the timbers of one of his vessels or Messrs. Q. and R., of the X-Bar Cattle company, and a Mexican named Manrico, which resulted fatally to the lat-

Being law-abiding citizens, Messrs. Liverpool tug fleet is undoubtedly the Q and R delivered themselves over to finest in the world. British tugboats | the sheriff for trial. I was named as a by no means limit their labors now to witness for the defense and served with home or even continental waters summons to appear in court the follow-

The accused, the other witnesses for same thing occurs when a vessel is dis-abled by a collision or dismasted in a prosecution — and myself rode over next morning, reaching the low adobe tioned that of the Stormcock, which building which served as county house took the sailing ship Ardeneaple, of about noon. We found the judge 2,700 tons, from the Brazils to a home seated behind his pine slab table in his port. The same tug has also towed the disabled steamer Sobraleuse from Ma- Walker's "American Law," engaged in deira to Liverpool, a distance of 1,500 target practice, the bull's-eye being arailes in 160 hours. The William Jol- retired herring box partially filled with liffe towed the steamship Reading sawdust that stood in one corner of 2,600 tons, from Gibraliar to the Isle of the room. After several minutes of Wight in a little over five days. The | silent rumination he would hunch the Jane Jolliffe towed the steamer Mar- results with unerring certainty at the cotis, of 3,000 tons, from St. Vincent to herring box. The aim of life in Ari-

The clerk of the court was there, also Sara Jolliffe left Minorea with the the attorney for the prosecution. All steamship St. Donats in tow on Feb. wore six-shooters, and the judge had a ruary 14, reached Gibraltar four days Winehester rifle standing handy for the later, and arrived at Cardiff on the 25th punishment of contempts of court. The voyage from England to Minorca When a few of the jurors assembled and backagain with her tow only occu- we took seats. The judge smote the pled twenty days. Another Liverpool herring box again, rapped with his tugboat, the Pathfinder, towed the heel on the table and opened the trial. "This yer court's in session. Perceed,

The prosecution arose and stated dee, each bound for Cardiff, with a ves- apologetically that he had no witnesses sel in tow. The Blazer, of Liverpool, to examine, as the complainant had towed the Balmoral, of 2,000 tons. The | named none, being deceased, for which Maulesden, 1,500 tons, was towed by good reason all of the evidence must be the Flying Venture, of Glasgow; while | adduced from the witnesses on the part Each vessel left Dundee at the same fense. By the time I reached the stand time and each took the northern way the absent members of the jury had ar- do it 'pear to you, doc?"

two hours later by the Blazer, while weapons. Not being informed of the the Columbia brought up the rear at Arizona custom I had left all of mine an interval of eighteen hours. Allowing for extra weight, the first price in
jury regarded me with a contempt
struck her there war a tail pine tree this interesting race must go to the which deepened into disgust when the standin' up on the edge of the gulch Liverpool tug, which towed by far the evidence I gave appeared to favor the right over the lead, an' it wa'n't no barger vessel.

to the necessary conclusion that the shooter was behind him. I made that

"There," said he, "don't you see how a man standing in front of me could shoot and hit me in the back?"

I had to confess the feat was possible. Pecos Bill triumphantly resumed his seat and turned upon me a look of pity, which meant that I was "a deal greener" than he ever supposed. The jury remarked facetiously among themselves that nobody but a freak or a lunatic ever traveled without a "gun. The judge suggested that possibly I was "con compis mentis."

It was evident that Pecos Bill had friends in that jury with whom I was unacquainted, unto whom it would have to be made pretty clear that my prejudicial evidence had not been given with malice prepense before it would be safe to meet them out of court. I wished more than ever I had staved in my tent and read novels before going near that cursed "round-up." Potter of Texas" at the third reading was preferable to a murder trial in Arizona without a gun. Shakespeare wrote: "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." Shakespeare had never been in Arizona.

However, in due course of law the ease was concluded and the jury charged. They lost no time in return-ing a verdict of justifiable homicide. Pecos Bill celebrated his release from custody by leading the crowd, judge, bar and jury over to the licensed liquor house presided over by one Honest Organ, noted as being the greatest singlehanded liar in the territory-and there we irrigated. After many assurances that my mistakes had been misinterpreted, and that there was no ill will, I was permitted to mount and set out for camp. Even my mule trotted out briskly with the joy of getting away.

As I jogged along, watching the reddening sun drop lower in the heavens, the silence and loneliness became oppressive. Every bush rabbit that crossed the trail gave me a start. The possibilities of the desert multiplied in my mind. Any wayfaring desperado I met could lay me low and drag my body out among the bushes, where the coyotes would prepare my bones for later discovery, and the label, in some dime museum: "Traveler overcome with thirst in the desert." Geronimo's entire band might be sojourning on that very trail between me and the camp! An elegant evening's entertainment I would furnish them!

Toward sunset I approached a deep coulee that crossed the trail. Looking ahead into the gathering dusk I saw two ponies larieted among the mesquite bushes. The saddles appeared to be of the Indian pattern, but there were no riders anywhere in sight. My first thought was to put about and retreat, but that was useless, for either pony was a far better mount than my It would be wiser to keep straight ahead on the trail and trust to finding "friendlies"-White Mountains

As I approached the ponies a tall white man sauntered out of the bushes and planted himself squarely in my He wore the wide-rimmed hat, dirty blue overalls and greasy buckskin shirt of a miner, and most prominently a scraggy, san dy beard, which, after radiating in all directions from his head, fell half way to his waist. He tween his toes and holding up his left | ye ag'in. Never. So help me!"

hand. ouldn't have refused his request for asked. half the territory in fee-simple. I paused and said: "Good evening."

"Light," he said. I lit. Without altering his position he looked me over from head to foot. Then turning his beady eves full into mine and wrinkling his shaggy eyebrows, he inquired:

"You air that medico from the soloned me to follow him into the chap-

I answered "Yes," and walked after him, feeling like a doomed convict on his way to the cart. Surely the hour We entered an open space, in the cen-

ter of which was the figure of a man reclining upon a blanket. "Pard," said my captor, addressing the figure, "I hev brought you the medico." Then turning to me he added:

"Pard an' me hed a dispute about who owned the mine, an' I winged pard." Joy of the thought! My professional skill was required. The other fellow was to be the victim, not me. I might leave my revolver behind, but my pocket surgical case, never.

"What can I do for you, my friend?" I asked, bending over him. The right arm was bound up with a red bandana handkerchief and blood was oozing out. "You might patch up that hole Tonto bored in me," he answered, feebly. "He got to rarin' aroun' here all out of my claimin' the mine. When he swore would never let me own that mine alive it riled me, an' I war goin' to make medicine weth him, but Tonto air double geared-easy doc, it air very techy - double-geared lightenin' on pullin' trigger, an' he winged me 'fore I could git my gan levil. I reckin the

"Which will teach ye hereafter to respect the wisnes of an honest pardner,' eserved the master of the situation, sententiously.

"It air a ticklish thing to shoot a man's old pardner," continued the afflicted, as I went on with my surgery. "Me an' Tonto's been prospectin' together for nigh five year wethout onet fallin' out. I finds a mine and digs till I think it ain't no use diggin' no more, au' gives up, advisia' Tonto to do same an' pull stakes an' move further up the creek. Tonto won't leave it, digs deeper an' deeper an' strikes ore. Thet's why he thinks he order hav that mine o' mine, jest as if he finds it himself. It 'pears to me it makes no difference who works in a mine-the man ez finds it owns it. How

In a country where weapons only In New York the courts do not sit in opinion. "That depends," I answered. "You see, doe," he went on, holding

shot in the back, which fact would lead tree. But while we war gone down to POSSIBLY IN POTTER'S FIELD. Tombstone to git grub the wind blew thet tree clean out by the roots, an' it statement, and there was a chorus of | war the devil's own game to find the place again. Thet's how we come to

mesa, an' thet's how I found it ag'in."

The bullet from Tonto's revolver had passed through the fleshy part of the forearm without striking any bones. I washed the wound with the water remaining in my canteen and bound it up in my own handkerchief, tying the old one around it. Without bandages and antisepties that was the best that

could be done. "You will have to go to the camp with me," I said. "I can do no more for you here."

The stately and silent Tonto interposed. "Wait till we hev done weth the mine, medico," he observed, in measured tores. "I am no pard to a man ez doesn't respect my rights. Thet mine wouldn't never hev bin found ef it hedn't bin fur me, an ef pard sez thet mine's his he lays here till he rots in passing the breakers. Some bodies, fur all the good Tonto Bill 'll be to him ag'in. I don't shoot no man an' make up weth him onless there's prospect of his comin' to reason. Ef pard sez the mine's mine I'm willin' to stick weth him till the crack o' doom, an' we'll work it together. There ain't no use in a man's bein' onreasonable. What say, pard?"

"I think ye hold an ace full, Tonto. I ain't no man to dispute the rights of my ole pardner."

"Why don't you sell out your interest?" I suggested. "That will be more like business.' "Sell my interest! I be durned! How

much'll you give. Tonto?"
"Dollar an' a drink of whisky," chuckled Tonto, out of his beard. "Whar's the whisky?"

"Plenty at Honest Organ's. Here's the dollar." "Goin', goin', gone! Sold to Tonto Bill fur a dollar, an' a drink of whisky
—all my interest in the Lost Pine mine

-me, Ephraim Carter, known to most people ez Prospect Pete-so help me Bob! Now air you satisfied, Tonto?" "Ez fur ez it goes," answered Tonto, sitting cross-legged and drawing from his pocket a dirty yellow envelope, "but I think we'll put the deal in writin'." He spread the envelope on his boot-top,

and wrote painfully with a stub of a "i eferam earter this day sell & make over to William Johnson all my stock & profits in The lost pine Mine, fur a dol-

lar & a drink of whisky." "Make yer mark, Pete," said Tonto, passing over the paper. Ephraim Car-ter took the pencil in his left hand and made a cross under the writing. "What do it say, doc?" he asked.

read the writing. "Now, medico, ye kin spread yer fist on thet document by way of witnessin' the proceedin'." Tonto gave me the envelope, and I wrote my name. Then he folded it carefully and placed it in the inside pocket of his shirt. Leaning over he grasped Pete by the left

"Shake, Pete. Now ye kin bet on Tonto Bill fur yer pard fur better er worse, fire an' brimstone an' blood, furever. Ye'll work thet mine weth see half an' half, even up, an' now she's mine they can't be no more disputes."

Prospect Pete gurgled softly, bending wer the proffered hand. "What a over the proffered hand. queer way to treat a pard!" he mur-mured in a thin voice. "I said it was dirt cheap, but a mine ain't nothin' but dirt nohow till it's worked. An now ye give me half! Bill, ye war alconcluded the movement by thrusting the butt of his Winchester rifle be-

ind.

"Pause, stranger!" he said, quietly.

"His bearded pard helped him to his feet and assisted him tenderly to the Pausing was right in my line. I back of the pony. "Do you feel fit?" he

"Fit enough," answered Petc. The purple twilight deepened into night as we crept slowly along the trail leading to the camp in the foothills. The wounded arm forbade a gait faster than a walk. The partners of the "Lost Pine mine" were absorbed in their own meditations. No sound except the far off wail of covotes and the shuffle of the dier camp? Thought likely you might animals' hoofs on the trail broke the pass this way." He turned and beck-stillness until the sentinel challenged us at the camp, and there, dismounting my patient at the hospital tent, I placed the arm on the road to recovery.

Until to-day, since the twain jogged out of the camp side by side the morning following our strange meeting, I have not thought of the "Lost Pine mine." Now it all comes back, and I write it as I remember it. The partners never crossed my path again. I witnessed the transfer of a drink of whisky which I can never take oath was trans ferred. If Honest Organ says it wasn't I shall know it was.

For the sake of the "pards" and those carly beginnings I shall write to my agent: "Buy."-Alva H. Sydenham, in N. Y.

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ried five millions of passengers: during 1892 the number was forty millions.

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gone to sleep? Fanny-I don't know, grandpa. She doesn't snore like you do when she goes to sleep. Texas Siftings.

A Startling Story of the Wreek in Which Margaret Feller Was Lost. The name of Margaret Fuller-Ossoli is still a name to conjure with among the literary people of the older gene-ration in New York. She is, according to the New York Herald, supposed to have found her temb in the ocean, but there is some reason to suspect that her dishonered remains rest in potter's field of New York. Thereby hauss a curious tale. I met a weatherbeaten old boatman at Fire Island last summer, who captains a fishing craft with consummate skill, and there is a sharp tingle of Attie salt in his stories and reminiscences. Among other things he told me he was on the beach that June night in 1850 when a disastrous storm wrecked the bark Elizaboth, which was bringing home from Italy Margaret Fuller, beloved and admired on two continents, her husband and child. The ship foundered off Fire island beach in piain sight of land, and only a few of the crew succeeded not many, were washed ashore a few days afterward.

Among these was a woman's corpse hideously disfigured, wave-beaten, fish-eaten, a grisly horror to the eye. But it had two very curiously shaped teeth stopped with gold in a peculiar fashwhich were known to have characterized Margaret Fuller. And besides she had been the only woman on the bark. When her friends came down to look, as soon as the report of bodies washed ashore reached New York, and they saw the awful thing vomited up from the jaws of the ocean, they recoiled shuddering, and utterly refused to admit that it could b Margaret Fuller. No! their Margaret was softly crudled somewhere in the cool green sea depths, and they could only think of her in the words of Ariel's

Of her bones are coral made, Those are pearls that were her eyes.

Nothing of her but doth suffer sea change Into something rich and strange So, dishonored and rejected of all, the sea-battered remains of what had probably been Margaret Fuller were sent to New York and buried in the pot-

ter's field among paupers, tramps and outcasts. What He Forgot.

Little Johnny-Can I have some me Mamma-Do not say "can;" say, 'May I have!"

Little Johnny-I forgot. Mamma-Forgot what? Little Johnny-That I have to be particular about grammar w'en I ask for pie.-Good News.

One of the Lucky Smiths Jones-Allow me to congratulate you. I hear you have married an act-

Smith-You are mistaken. It is an other Smith. Jones-It is, eh? Then, sir, allow me to congratulate you all the more

at your lucky escape.-Texas Siftings. Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres.

STATEMENT

Wichita National Bank Notary Seals. Made to the Comptreller of Currency at the Close of Business,

May 4th, 1893. RESOURCES. Loans and Discounts..\$628,483.46 Bonds and Stocks... 21,301.81 Attorney's Pocket Docket. U. S. Bonds 50,000.00 Real Estate 65,000.00 Due from U. S. . . . 2,250.00 1,186.18 Overdrafts Cash and Exchange, 215,864.78

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Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashr.

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